

That Boy On My Mind by Val-Creative

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Summary: Whenever something is wrong, Richie knows to come to Bill. Bill knows it too — when Richie needs some encouragement, or a level-headed but sympathetic response to a problem. He's just not sure what to do with his own problems. Richie offers a back-rub instead. /Canon AU. Bichie. Tozbrough. Oneshot.

That Boy On My Mind

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Whenever something is wrong, Richie knows to come to Bill. Bill knows it too — when Richie needs some encouragement, or a level-headed but *sympathetic* response to a problem.

Bill... it's not that he can't ask for help, or doesn't want to... it's just doesn't feel right. He's usually the supporting beam, or the listening ear.

Nobody needs to be *burdened* by him.

So he wallows in his own churning, static-noisy thoughts, leaning over Eddie's mattress and tapping a pencil against his empty drawing pad.

Beverly hums, stroking her hand through Bill's fringe and combing the auburn strands out of his eyes. "Yeah, your hair looks really good pushed back," she says idly. "Doesn't it, Richie?"

Somewhere behind him, Richie gives a little, playful snort.

"How about a grocery bag over his head?" he suggests, prompting Beverly to twist up her lips in pseudo-irritation as she removes her jelly sandal and tosses it in his direction.

Everybody laughs and Bill's mouth curls up into a forgetful smile, his mouth rounding to the borrowed, dully smoking Camel Light in it.

Beverly's fingers pluck it away, right to her own glossy, peach-flavored lips.

"Don't listen to Trashmouth, okay? You're *adorable*," she murmurs, kissing Bill's cheek wetly and standing up from the mattress to walk off.

"I never said he wasn't!" Richie protests, heedlessly patting the center

between Bill's shoulders.

Bill jerks away from him, grunting.

"Hey, w—watch it," he says, avoiding Richie's eyes when the other man stares pointedly.

Richie then pulls on a fake southern belle accent, fluttering a hand against his own chest dramatically. "*Billiam*, my stars... are you *ticklish*?" Richie trills, wide-eyed and gasping.

Bill's face heats up.

"I told you n—n—not to call m—me that."

(Lord, he hates how much more obvious his stuttering is when he's flatout nervous and deflecting. Bill's *not* ticklish... he's just... itchy. Yeah, itchy all the time and... that doesn't sound any better. That just sounds weird as hell.)

"Richie, give him a break!" Beverly calls out. "He failed the Pre-Calculus exam!"

He cringes, gritting his teeth.

Thanks, Bev.

No longer facing the wall, Bill pretends to not notice the lack of light in Richie's eyes. It's hard not to pay attention to every detail about Richie — the warmth in his grin, in his dark brown eyes.

"You should have told me, Bill," Richie says, frowning. "We could have studied."

It's true. He could have. He probably *should* have. Bill isn't good at math, and Richie's good at... *everything* when it comes to school.

Bill shrugs, turning back around and resting with folded arms on Eddie's quilt.

Richie's... *so good* with his hands too, he thinks blissfully, closing his eyes, as Richie's fingers slowly trace over the ridges and muscles on

Bill's upper back, digging in and massaging out the kinks.

It's been several years since the Loser's Club formed. He doesn't know how it happened, but they all became physically intimate with each other — stuff like Stanley holding Mike's hand during long walks, or Beverly's face kisses, or getting into each other's space or reaffirming touch on elbows and fingers and knees.

Both of Richie's hands press down harder. Bill squirms noticeably when the area slightly above his lower left-side twinges. There's no pain, but it's more... *fuck*, he's not sure what the hell it is.

"Nngn—" Bill's voice raises urgently, "*not there*—"

But it's too late. He releases a moan.

Not just any moan, but a humiliating, *orgasmic* moan.

Someone's laughing uproariously. Bill's not sure if it's Beverly or Richie, and to be honest, he doesn't wanna know. Shit, *shit*. Bill hides his entire, burning red face into one of his forearms.

That's when fingers press down again, harder than before, and Bill does not... it feels like a living whiteout of sensations and motion.

The next thing he knows, Bill can see Richie's astonished, startled face below him, having jolted upright and pinned the other young man roughly onto the carpet. It's not contest of strength — Bill will always be stronger. He's panting and flushed and quivering visibly. His auburn hair seemingly wild and sticking up.

He's... *fucking* shit, he's *hard*. Richie's eyes behind his huge, distorting glasses roam over Bill, landing on the beginnings of his erection through his pants.

Nobody says anything until Beverly shakily wipes her lips, discarding her cigarette.

"Bill..."

"S'okay," Richie mumbles, keeping firm eye-contact with Bill still holding him down by his wrists and simultaneously panicking and

calming down, offering him a mischievous, boyish smile.

As soon as his weight lifts, Richie springs up, racing across the bedroom to tug on Beverly's hand, shoving her out and fiddling with the lock.

She yells, banging repeatedly on the door.

All other noises become static, vanishing when Richie's mouth slams against his, opening and nipping gently to Bill's lips as their kiss deepens. He doesn't — no, wait, he definitely *does*. Bill has entertained the thought of Richie's lips and how they would feel since they were fourteen.

They're *moist*, soft and hot. Richie's tongue licks inside his mouth, over his molars and gums.

Bill's head spins, as he clutches desperately onto Richie's shoulders, as the other teenager breaks the kiss with a laugh, pressing his forehead and mouth to Bill's cheek, frisking open Bill's jeans and unzipping.

"You okay with this?" Richie breathes out, getting his immediate answer with Bill's hands mimicking him, slipping off Richie's belt.

They stumble onto Eddie's bunk, yanking off each other's flannel shirts, Richie falling and banging the top of his head against the wall. More laughter. Bill straddles him on the mattress, muttering an apology and examining him for bruises. When he leans forward, Richie throws his arms around him and drags Bill in, colliding noses and teeth and spit-sticky lips.

The rest of it feels like a lengthy, colorful *blur*, intoxicatingly real as the sensation of Richie's hand crawling on Bill's naked ass, squeezing down while they hurriedly thrust together.

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Whenever something is wrong, Bill can count on his instincts to tell him what to do.

But when everything is good and *right*...

Richie's fingers slot and interlock with his, as they lazily prop their arms up. Eddie's quilt reeks like perspiration and sex, but Bill figures he can wash it before his friend notices.

After he gets dressed, Bill realizes with a humored observation. All of him still very naked.

"... So did I find your sweet spot earlier, Big Bill?" An equally naked Richie speaks up, grinning and turning his face towards Bill's next to him. "With the whole... massaging your back thing?"

Bill crinkles his eyes as he smiles wider, toothy.

"It's a p—possibility."

"Excellent."

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IT 2017 isn't mine. This is a 20+ age range for everybody BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT AGE I WAS WHEN THIS WENT DOWN LMAO. Yes, this is based on true events. Except I was Bill and nothing Actually Became Of Anything, but you know... I wouldn't have been Upset about it. ANYWAY! Comments/thoughts appreciated!